FARMERS MOVING TO TEXAS.

A GREAT LAND BOOM ON IN THE PANHANDLE.

Practically All the Big Ranches Sold to Land Companies, Which Are Taking to Texas Farmers From Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri—Prices Soaring.

Westerners are having another virulent attack of land fever. A couple of years ago it was Oklahoma to which the home seeker was steered. Then it was Canada. Now it is Texas. If a third of the farmers from Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who have gone down there this fall remain it won't be long until Texas is among the doubtful political States.

This is no spontaneous outburst, but the result of the business methods of the land agents. In the last two years practically all the big ranches in the Texas Panhandle have been bought by land companies. These have arranged with the railroads to run excursion trains from as far East as Indianapolis at half fare.

Their Eastern agents gather up the farmers who will come, and these are all bunched at Kansas City, Wichita or El Reno, and there Westerners who know the land thoroughly and can talk a mummy into a purchase take charge.

Amarillo, Tex., is the centre of the big land boom. Two years ago it was a cattle shipping point, the centre of the gigantic LX ranch, with several hundred inhabitants. To-day it has 8,000, and nightly people have to sleep on the streets for lack of accommodations.

The old ranch was twenty-seven miles wide and sixty long, and was all under fence. There were 1,200 sections, or nearly 770,000 acres. The company bought the land originally for 29 cents an acre.

The land boom in the Panhandle began when the company that owned the ranch divided it up into sections and began offering it at from $1,500 to $2,500 a section. A fourth of the land is yet unsold, but the company has gathered in six millions for the land disposed of.

Its sale value is now from $10 to $20 an acre.

There are other big ranches in the Panhandle, out in the Big Pasture, as they call it. These are all being cut up and offered to the hungry land seekers.

Everybody in the towns thereabouts is a land agent and speculator. The company pays a commission to all who can prove they had a hand in getting a man to invest, and there is no rest for the wayfarer who isn't hunting land.

If he drops into the bar to get a drink, if he steps on a street corner to wipe his fevered brow, if he steps into a barber shop, the bartender or the pedestrian or the barber will come forward with the glad hand.

"Stranger hereabouts, are ye?"

"Yes."

"Been looking at some land?"

It doesn't particularly matter if you haven't. The formula is the same.

"We have the best land in the country down here. If you have not bought yet, let me put you on to a nice little snap—money doubled in a year on this."

And then begins business.

There is keen rivalry between the agents, but they have an understanding that it is hands off as long as a man has a customer in tow. And understandings are pretty well kept down in the Panhandle.

In some of the towns they have property farmers, residents who promenade the streets dressed up like agriculturists, and whom the agent with a customer in hand accidentally meets.

"Hello, Bill!" calls out the agent, and his outstretched hand is grasped by the property farmer. "When did you drive in? How were your crops this year? Haven't seen you for two months," and so on.

Before long the property farmer is telling all about the big crops he raised and the good prices he secured, all for the benefit of the newcomer.

The buckboard has been superseded in the Panhandle by the automobile for the use of land agents. There is one advantage in using the auto as a means of conveyance that does not usually impress the land buyer until afterward. That is, it lessens distances from towns, or helps to deceive the buyer into believing that the farm shown him is only out a few miles, when it may be fifteen or twenty.

One firm of land dealers in Hereford has two automobiles. It uses these to transport customers to its great tract of land twenty miles away, where it conducts a private hotel for their accommodation.

The country is very level, the sod is solid, of short, curly buffalo grass, and it is almost as good for travel as an asphalt street. There isn't enough rain to hurt the roads at any time, but the land buyer is not told this fact.

The surface here and there dips into saucerlike depressions. The subsoil being clay, when it rains lakes form in these hollows in a night. In a week they have disappeared.

There has been rain enough this summer, however, to make some of these lakes present the appearance of permanent institutions and the land agent employs them right handily in clinching his propositions. The Panhandle contains about 25,000 square miles, and practically all of it has been sold several times in the last three years.

The final unloading is now on. Take a farmer from Illinois and Iowa, and he finds it difficult to make more than 6 per cent. on his $125 an acre land at home. A quarter section will readily sell for $20,000, and with that sum he gets from 1,000 to 4,000 acres in Texas, or land enough for all of the boys and some left to make a new home on.

One Des Moines firm has options on 750,000 acres in three counties. The firm has agreed to build 150 miles of railroad through the counties and to plant 15,000 settlers there within eighteen months. It looks now as though it would have no difficulty in making good.

It recently ran a special train of Iowa farmers, men who represented 1,000 families in their section, in a land spying tour, down into Lubbock county, and sold them a big tract of land in a body. It is not unusual for a considerable portion of the residents of one county in the older States to transplant itself in a body to Texas.

The Panhandle is described as a pretty country to look at, with a delightful climate, owing to the high altitude. Its one drawback, about which little is said, is the depth one must go for water. It is seldom found at less than 300 feet, and sometimes one has to go three times that distance.

Dalhart, one of the boom towns, has a citizen in the person of A. A. Royal, who thinks that fortune has served him a scurvy trick. He bought a section four years ago, before the boom began, for $1.50 an acre.

That took all his money, and when he came to dicker for the sinking of a well he found the regulation price a foot to be about the same as the price of the land an acre. He had to have the well, however, and in payment for it gave the well man a deed for 320 acres. He recently sold his 320 for $13 an acre, which netted him nearly $3,700 profit. But he can't forget that the actual cost to him of that well was $4,160.

There'll be a lot of dead towns in the Panhandle when the bottom drops out of this boom, as it will; but while it lasts the folks are having a good time. Men who had nothing a few years ago are rich now. Two-thirds of the business blocks are occupied by land agents.

Where Dalhart, a town of 3,000, now stands was formerly the range of Jess Jenkins. He sold it to a town site company for $500. The agent offered him ten blocks in the town if he would give it a good boost to the buyers who came along.

Jenkins ran the man who made the proposition off his place. He explains that he thought it was simply a big robbing scheme, and he didn't want the ten blocks for a gift.

Jenkins had been there for twenty-five years and was convinced it was nothing but pasture land. A few days ago he bought a business corner for $4,000 and is now putting up a $25,000 hotel on it. He has changed his mind.

The president of the biggest bank was an old buffalo hunter who located near by nineteen years ago, and the land he accumulated he recently sold for $75,000. One story they tell is that of a pretty girl who was a waitress in the best hotel there six months ago.

She got $25 a month, and was so popular with the guests that practically all of the land agents had her on their staff of boosters. She made enough in commissions to make good investments. She now owns the hotel, clears $500 a month with it, and won't marry the best man in town.

Railroad men are also in the pay of the land agents, and they make good additions to their salaries by the advice they give travellers. The speculation that has prevailed for the last year has caused a steady advance in prices, but the conservative fellows, the old timers, say that the prices can't last. Twenty dollars an acre is too much for the land.

It is about the same quality as western Kansas land, has the same mesquite grass covering, but its development will be slow, and rainfall must materially increase before it can be profitably tilled. But with prices advancing, nobody cares, and everybody is making money.

"WISE MONEY."

Influences Brought to Bear on the Man in the Betting Ring.

The betting ring is a whirl of excitement, augmented by the appearance of the "wise money," this coming from the punters, who are supposed to know a little more than any one else.

These men bet large sums, varying from $2,000 to $10,000, and are supposed to make princely incomes by so doing, says a writer in *Outing*.

Look through the list of plungers of even five years ago, and with the exception of the deceased Pittsburg Phil what is the individual bank account?

This whirl upsets the individual judgment, causing a man to switch from a preconceived horse with a chance to win, according to his individual ideas, to another horse of which he knows nothing but rumor. This departure from the one beaten track of each individual is just as fatal in racing as in any other business.

Take the bookmaker as an instance, sitting day by day, letting the public make selections and steadfastly wagering him the said selections will not win, certain that he has 80 per cent. in his favor at the start.

Realizing this the bookmaker spares no effort to augment the swirl. Hence the clever delay in the announcement of the prices, the constant rush of the messengers and the intermittent and startling variations of prices in the individual book.

No matter whether the individual bookmaker has done any business on that particular horse or not, he varies the prices in obedience to the index of the figurehead, thus keeping up the guessing hurrah.

Ninety per cent. of the wild rumors as to the trials, the condition, the chances, of certain horses in each race have their genesis with the bookmakers, who know that nearly every man, even those of long years of experience, is looking for information.

So, from time to time, wild rushes are precipitated. Where from, no one knows. There comes an apparent plunge on two or three horses no one thought seriously of.

The prices are cut from 50 to 1 to 10 to 1, some one starts a whisper "from the stable," and the weaker of the visitors are hooked. Take up any tabulated chart of any day's racing and note the long shot horses played down which finished now here.

One can never find a central figure for such a vortex. "Stables" do not put their money down that way. It is to the interest of the stable, equally with the interest of the bookmaker, to keep any such legitimate transaction as much from the notice of the public as possible.

WITH A MIND OF HIS OWN.

The Sort of Man That Mr. Stiggly Fancies Here Set Forth.

"I like a man with a mind of his own," said Mr. Stiggly. "Right or wrong, I like a man who knows what he thinks and who is not afraid to speak it. I hate a man who doesn't know what he thinks, or who is afraid to say what he does think.

"Now there's Jones. I say to Jones, on a lowery morning:

"'What do you think, Jonesy? Think I'd better take an umbrella?'

"And Jones says:

"'Take an umbrella? Why, within twenty-two minutes it'll be raining blue, green and purple pitchforks; and if you haven't got a boiler iron umbrella with I-beam ribs you'll be speared to death and then drowned. Sure you want an umbrella!'

"Or suppose it had happened to be Robinson I asked; another man who knows what he thinks, and Robinson says:

"'Umbrella? Foolish! In twenty minutes it'll be clear as a bell. All blue sky.'

"Now, of course, Jones and Robinson couldn't both be right, but I would rather lug an umbrella uselessly, following Jones, or get drenched following Robinson—be led by a man who had a mind of his own and wasn't afraid to speak it—than to hear what I would get from Snibbly if I asked him:

"'Better take an umbrella, hadn't I?' I say to Snibbly, to hear him saying:

"'Ye-es, I suppose it would be safer.'

"Snibbly doesn't know what he thinks about the weather, or about anything else; and if he does know what he thinks he doesn't say it. He sides in with me; he thinks it would be safer!

"I like the man with a mind of his own, and he is, everywhere, the man that makes the wheels go 'round."

JEWISH LANDOWNERS.

In Europe They Hold 248 Times as Much as They Did 40 Years Ago.

The anti-Jew faction in Russia declares that even with the present restrictions the Jews have managed to acquire a large portion of land, for which the following figures are quoted in the Jewish magazine, the *Menorah*:

"Within the Pale the real estate of the Jews advanced from 16,000 dessiatins in 1860 to 148,000 in 1870, 370,000 in 1880, 537,000 in 1890, and to 1,265,000 in 1900.

"In the kingdom of Poland the Jews held 16,000 dessiatins in 1860, 148,000 in 1870, 370,000 in 1880, 537,000 in 1890, and 1,265,000 in 1900.

"In European Russia outside the Pale Jewish landholding is said to have increased 248 times in forty years in the following proportion: In 1860, 3,000 dessiatins; in 1870, 18,000 dessiatins; in 1880, 96,000 dessiatins; in 1890, 262,000 dessiatins, and in 1900, 745,000 dessiatins."

According to these statistics the total holdings of the Jews throughout the Russian Empire, which only amounted to 70,000 dessiatins in 1860, reached in 1900 the high figure of 2,381,057 dessiatins, out of which the Jews own as their property 1,445,000 dessiatins, while the remaining 935,000 dessiatins are rented by them as tenants.

SOME THINGS NATURE MAKES.

Wooden Bowls and Glass Pipes, Cloth, Ropes and Lace.

Nature is something of a manufacturer herself.

In the case of a certain cactus marvellous natural pottery is produced. Woodpeckers excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and to protect itself the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the holes made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowls remain.

As a weaver Nature also produces fine work. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, as, for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands.

Nature is a glassmaker, too, according to the *Indian Review*. By discharging her lightning into beds of quartz sand she forms exquisite little pipes of glass.

She makes valuable ropes of various kinds in the shape of tropical vines and creepers, and she is even a lace maker, as witness the lace tree of the West Indies.

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Our methods of displaying paper in large surfaces and under artificial as well as natural light take all the guesswork out of your selection.

Our immense stock comprises all that is best in foreign and domestic wall coverings, most of them shown exclusively at this store.

For the Drawing Room

Self-toned Damask and Brocatelle silk effects, Louis XVI., Rococo, Moires, with panel borders, and particularly our new line of Soirettes.

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Forest and fruit Tapestries, Burlap and Fabric Papers, especially designed for the latest decorative treatments; Heraldic, Colonial, and Modern Art Papers.

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Oriental and Bagdad Tapestries, self-toned papers in all the new shades, Imitation Leathers, plain and printed Veloutines, etc.

18c., 25c., 40c. to $5.00

Lin-O-Wall, our popular imported relief material, which is shown in a number of new designs in the popular shades of red, green, leather, ivory, etc., is superior to any known wall hanging. Especially adaptable for Halls and Dining Rooms. Being solid relief it does not show wear.

BROADWAY AT 19th ST.

BUCKLES FOR THE COLLECTOR

ONCE THEY ADDED DIGNITY TO THE DRESS OF MAN.

Also Gave Daintiness to Woman's Footgear—Driven Out by the Plebeian Shoestring After a Reign of Two Centuries—Many Varieties for the Collector's Choice.

The rival cities of Sheffield and Birmingham in England have long been at odds as to the number and value of their respective products, particularly those made of metal. Sheffield still prides herself on her manufacture of what is now known as Sheffield plate, carefully concealing the fact that it was made at Birmingham also, and says that Birmingham is noted for three things only—buttons, buckles and riots.

People can hardly appreciate to-day the great change which the use of buttons has made in the dress of men. Consider what a labor it was when it took five hundred points to tie the doublet to the hose, points being silken strings with tags or metal points on them. Imagine the state of mind of the suburban resident of to-day if he had to struggle with such things and the morning train only two stations away.

Buckles, while of less importance, were for more than two hundred years a necessary part of the dress of every man, woman and child in Great Britain and her colonies, as well as in most of the European countries. Pepys, who now and in his diary most of the vagaries of fashion, says for January 12, 1659, "This day I began to put buckles on my shoes."

In the "Toilet of England" it is recorded for 1670: "The Spanish leather boot introduced under Charles I. still continues to be the fashion, but the immense roses on the shoes have gradually declined and are replaced by wide strings and buckles." In the portraits by Van Dyck you will find very few buckles, though they are present in those painted by Lely and Van Loo. Gainsborough uses them constantly on the little satin slippers of his ladies, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his Admirals in stockings and small clothes with immense buckles on their shoes, a costume which has disappeared from every place but the stage.

Of course when the court set the example everybody who could sported buckles, and the factories of Birmingham and Sheffield turned out immense numbers. When the fashion was at its height and they were worn on shoe and knee 2,500,000 were turned out annually at Birmingham alone. They were made of pewter, copper, brass, silver plate, silver and gold and steel.

The collecting of buckles is a fad indulged in by the few, yet in almost every cabinet of bijou treasures, miniatures, fans, bits of lace, carved ivories and such things you will find a buckle or two. You can almost tell the calling of the wearer by the shape and material of the buckle.

The landlord wore buckles of brass or copper. The schoolmaster wore plated buckles, plain or with a slight beading on the edge.

The prosperous merchant had buckles of silver wrought in pattern, and the court dame wore buckles large and slender, set with pearls, diamonds or rose paste. It is odd that so many of these derelicts are single ones, not pairs.

From 1650 to 1770 may be called the high tide in the reign of buckles, for though they were still worn till about 1800, the fashion was gradually declining, although the buckle remains to this day an important part of English court costume as well as of civil service uniform.

The sizes of buckles varied immensely, from tiny affairs which were worn at the knee or to loop up the hat, to those invented by George III., which were one inch wide and five inches long, covering the whole instep and reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot.

Even the example of royalty was of no avail, and slowly but surely the plebeian shoestring crowded the decorative shoe buckle out of use. The manufacturers of England did not let so important an industry die without a protest. Birmingham and one or two other towns supplied America, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy and France with all the buckles they needed.

When about 1790 the shoestring began to gain ground a petition was drawn up and "several respectable buckle makers waited upon H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to call his attention to the distressed condition of thousands of workmen in the different branches of buckle manufacture owing to the prevalent wearing of shoestrings."

His Highness promised to give the matter his careful attention and assist by his example and influence, but the cheap and convenient shoestring had gained too strong a hold and the buckle had to give way. In America precise and conservative people wore small clothes and buckled shoes till about the time of the second visit of Lafayette, and when he appeared in yellow trousers strapped under his shoes the last buckle was banished to the attic or the scrap heap.

The largest collection of buckles is probably that of Sir Ponsonby Fane. He has 400 specimens of the various metals mentioned, as well as glass, jet, gun metal and even wood. His collection is being constantly added to, since after a Court ball or levee "many stray buckles are picked up at the Palace."

The conservatism of the English is shown nowhere to better advantage than in this very matter of buckles. Apparently they still wear the style which was in use in 1800, though they admit it is notoriously insecure and that the steel teeth are quite as likely to run into the foot as into the shoe.

The regulation material is cut steel, which is blackened when the Court is in mourning. It is a regulation that Archbishops and Bishops must wear silver buckles, while clerics of lower degree must wear the black steel.

In the Highland dress the buckle still plays an important part, and the chieftains wear on state occasions the very buckles which were worn under similar circumstances by their ancestors. The buckle also forms part of the uniform of the five kilted Highland regiments, the Black Watch, Sutherland, Seaforth, Gordon and Cameron Highlanders. Each regiment has a separate pattern of its own, of which a sealed pattern is kept at the War Office, which has not as yet in its ardor for reform of apparel in the army made any alteration in this direction."

In many of the museums of this country, notably those in the New England States, may be seen buckles which did service here. In the full length portraits of Gen. Washington they are always in evidence, and are large and handsome.

When he sent his first order to London for clothes for himself and Mme. Washington a long list of things for "Miss Custis, 6 years old," was added. Among the articles were satin shoes and white kid gloves, aigrettes and 6,000 pins, large, short and minnikin, and silver shoe buckles and sleeve buttons. In addition to all the articles of dress for Miss Custis, it is pleasing to see that the busy man had time to order "a fashionable dressed doll to cost a guinea, gingerbread, toys, sugar images and comfits."

To appreciate what a loss masculine dress suffered when the "effeminate shoestring" took the place of the dignified buckle with its accompanying small clothes and long stockings, it is only necessary to compare those two statues in Union Square, the young Lafayette on his first arrival here with his buckled shoon and well turned calf, and his neighbor, Lincoln, who is vainly trying to hide his awkward trousers under a long cloak.

THE JAPAN OF EUROPE.

What King Charles of Rumania Has Done for His Country.

Rumania may well be proud to be called the Japan of Europe. She has achieved in the midst of incessant jealousy and opposition much that the free empire of the Far East has accomplished.

But, says the *Fortnightly Review*, the progress of Rumania, if less great, is perhaps more meritorious even than that of Japan. To a small State, hampered at every turn by Turkish reaction and European greed or ignorance, the opportunities of progress were much less facile than in the island empire of Japan.

But on May 23, 1906, King Charles I. of a free Rumania celebrated his forty years of reign and saw what was once a Turkish vassal State standing proudly erect among the European nations. Where once was chaos and corruption to-day is an orderly State, bound in friendly alliance with great Powers, and, more important still, an example to the world of peaceful internal development and of a tranquil but persistent foreign policy.

TEXAS ONIONS.

In Seven Years the Output Has Grown From 20 to 1,200 Carloads.

During the past season 746 carloads of onions were handled through San Antonio and about 1,200 carloads, netting the growers nearly $375,000, were shipped from the onion growing territory of southwest Texas.

The *Daily Express* of San Antonio, commenting upon these figures, says that seven years ago, when onion growing for outside markets began in southwest Texas, only about twenty carloads were shipped.

Water for Norseman's Horse.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"You never see a broken winded horse in Norway," said a horse doctor. "That is because the horses are allowed to drink while they eat, the same as mankind.

"Our horses, let them be as thirsty as get out, must still eat their dry fodder, their dry hay and oats and corn, with nothing to wash them down. But in Norway every horse has a bucket of water beside his manger, and, as he eats, he drinks also.

"It is interesting to see how the Norwegian horses relish their water with their meals. Now they sip a little from the bucket, now they eat a mouthful, then another sip, then another mouthful, just like rational human beings.

"You never see a broken winded horse in Norway, and the natives say it is because they serve water to the animals with their feed."

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if our instruments didn't meet expectations and insure the very highest musical satisfaction? Could we own and occupy the largest exclusive Piano Retailing Warerooms in Greater New York if there were not actual facts to produce public confidence?

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than the same grade anywhere else. It is simply a business proposition that will appeal to any reasonable person—our immense manufacturing facilities, which figure every cent of cost to its very lowest decimal, and adds one fair profit above making, and nothing more.

Think the matter over, if you intend purchasing a Piano. Come and inspect our methods. It will put you under no obligation.

We have everything and do everything appertaining to pianos.

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ONE VIEW OF GORKY EPISODE.

An English Visitor Was Dazed by That Moral Spasm.

The moral spasm which hardened American hearts toward Maxim Gorky and turned the Russian's liking of us into concentrated bitterness seems to have dazed the outside beholder.

The English writer H. G. Wells describes the affair in the following contribution to *Harper's Weekly*:

Gorky arrived, and the éclat was immense. We dined him, we lunched him, we were photographed in his company by flashlight. I very gladly shared that honor, for Gorky is not only a great master of the art I practise, but a splendid personality.

Save for a few common greetings he has no other language than Russian. So it was necessary that he should bring with him some one he could trust to interpret him to the world. And having, too, much of the practical helplessness of his type of genius, he could not come without his right hand, that brave and honorable lady, Mme. Andreieva, who has been now for years in everything but the severest legal sense his wife.

Russia has no Dakota; and although his legal wife has long since found another companion, the Orthodox Church in Russia has no divorce facilities for men in the revolutionary camp. So Mme. Andreieva stands to him as George Eliot stood to George Lewes; and I suppose the two of them had almost forgotten the technical illegality of their tie until it burst upon them and the American public in a monstrous storm of exposure.

It was like a summer thunderstorm. At one moment Gorky was in an immense sunshine, a plenipotentiary from oppression to liberty; at the next he was being almost literally pelted through the streets.

I do not know what motive actuated a certain section of the American press to initiate this pelting of Maxim Gorky. A passion for moral purity may perhaps have prompted it, but certainly no passion for purity ever before begot so brazen and abundant a torrent of lies. It was precisely the sort of campaign that damned poor MacQueen, but this time on an altogether imperial scale.

The irregularity of Mme. Andreieva's position was a mere point of departure. The journalists went on to invent a deserted wife and children; they declared Mme. Andreieva was an actress, and loaded her with all the unpleasant implications of that unfortunate word; they spoke of her generally as "the woman Andreieva"; they called upon the Commissioner of Immigration to deport her as a "female of bad character"—quite influential people wrote to him to that effect; they published the name of her hotel and organized a boycott. Whoever dared to countenance the victims was denounced.

I thought this affair was a whirlwind of foolish misunderstanding, such as may happen in any capital, and that presently his entirely tolerable relationship would be explained. But for all the rest of my time in New York this insensate campaign went on.

There was no attempt of any importance to stem the tide, and to this day large sections of the American public must be under the impression that this great writer is a depraved man of pleasure accompanied by a favorite cocotte. The writers of paragraphs racked their brains to invent new and smart ways of insulting Mme. Andreieva. The chaste entertainers of the music halls of the Tenderloin district introduced allusions.

And amid this riot of personalities Russia was forgotten. The massacres, the chaos of cruelty and blundering, the tyranny, the women outraged, the children tortured and slain—that was forgotten.

In Boston, in Chicago, it was the same. At the bare suggestion of Gorky's coming the same outbreak occurred, the same display of imbecile gross lying, the same absolute disregard of the tragic cause he had come to plead.

One gleam of comedy in this remarkable outbreak I recall. Some one in ineffectual protest had asked what Americans would have said if Benjamin Franklin had encountered such ignominies on his similar mission of appeal to Paris before the War of Independence.

"Benjamin Franklin," retorted one bright young Chicago journalist, "was a man of very different moral character from Gorky," and proceeded to explain how Chicago was prepared to defend the purity of her homes against the invader.

Benjamin Franklin, it is true, was a person of very different morals from Gorky—but I don't think that bright young man in Chicago had a very sound idea of where the difference lay.

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Elegant Line of Suits

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$38—3 Piece Suits
Finely Finished, Carved and Polished Frames, high grade silk damask coverings
THIS SALE 23

$55—3 Piece Suits
Handsome Frames, Highly Polished, best silk damask covering.
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$85—3 Piece Suits
Beautifully Carved and Polished Frames, Tufted Backs covered with high grade self-tone silk plush.
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Marquetry Pannel Backs, Finely Carved, very finest two-tone silk mora covering.
THIS WEEK 66

$150—3 Piece Suits
Elegant Solid Mahogany Suit, Elaborately Carved, finest silk tapeatry covering.
THIS WEEK 90

$160—3 Piece Suits
Solid Mahogany Frames, Best Hand Carving, best grade, silk damask covering. A Swell Suit.
THIS WEEK 96

$180—3 Piece Suits
Magnificent Solid Mahogany Library Suit, Elaborately Carved Backs, best tapestry covering.
THIS WEEK 108

$215—3 Piece Suits
This Elegant Solid Mahogany Suit is fit for a king. Richly Carved, Upholstered Backs, pannel arms, best imported tapestry covering.
THIS WEEK 128

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